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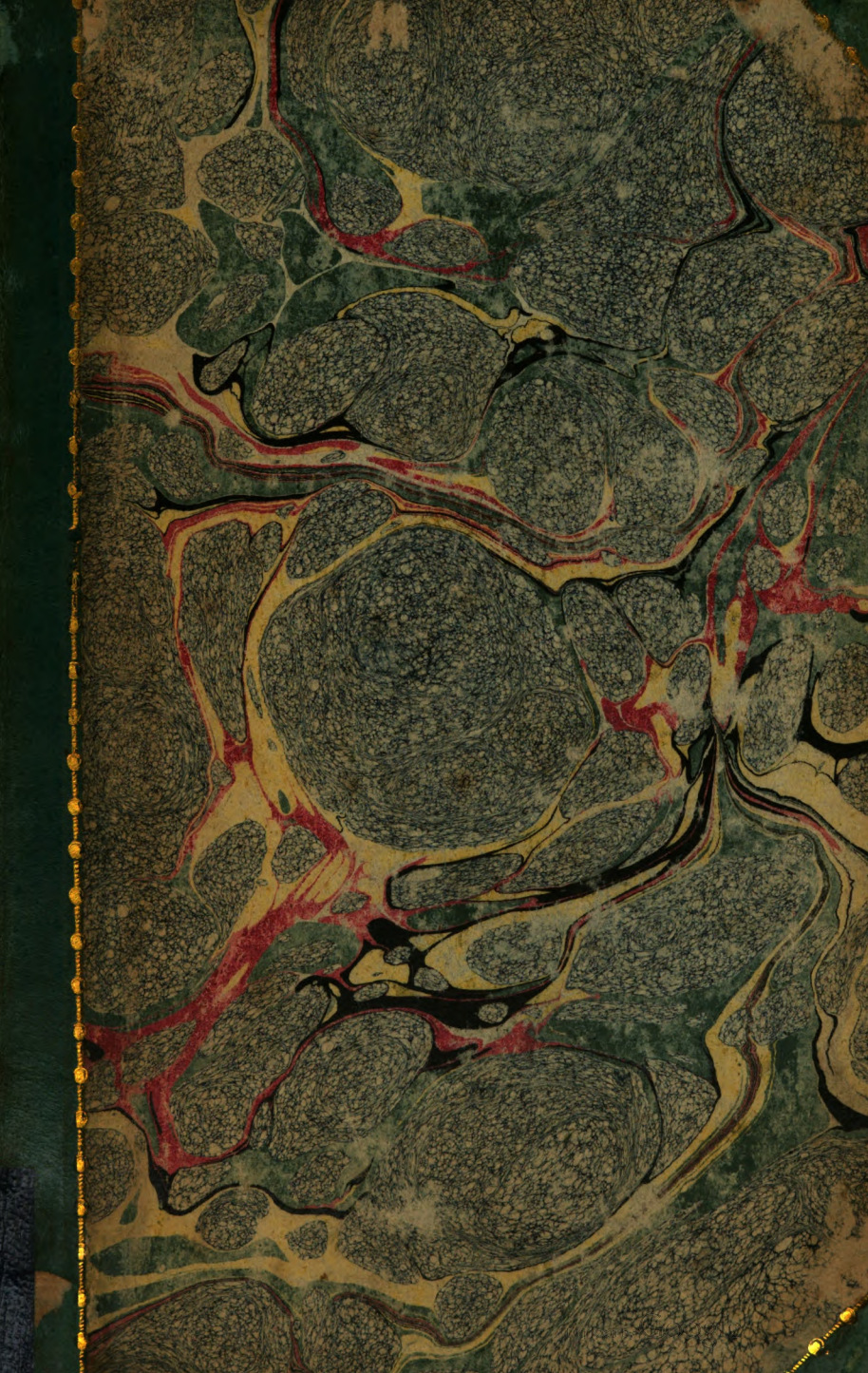

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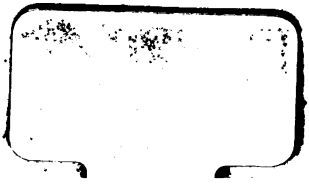

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The Raree Show:

OR,

The FOX *Trap't.*

A N

OPERA.

Written by *JOSEPH PETERSON*,
COMEDIAN.

Encouragement's the very Life of Art;
Stirs up the active Mind, and fires the Heart.

YORK: Printed by THOMAS GENT, near the *Star*, in *Stone-Gate*. MDCCXXXIX.
[Price One Shilling.]

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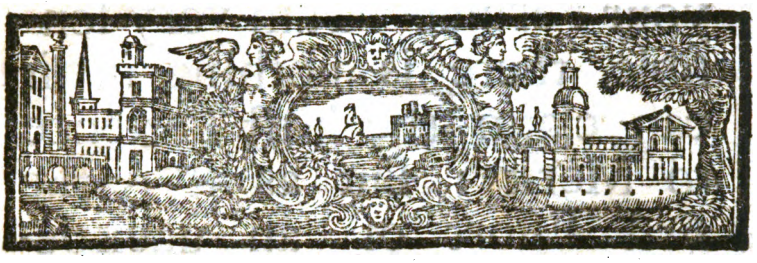

TO THE

Gentlemen *and* Ladies

OF

YORK.

GENTLEMEN *and* LADIES !

THE Repeated Favours I have receiv'd from you, and the great GOODNESS you have been pleaſed to extend to me ; have prompted me to the Preſumption of offering the following Trifle for

A your

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your Peruſal. I am very ſenſible, there is nothing in it can claim the leaſt Pretence to Merit : But as it is the firſt Effort of an unexperienc'd Undertaker, and contains nothing, I imagine, that can be offenſive to Morality, or Good Manners ; I humbly hope for your Indulgence : And beg Leave to aſſure you, my principal Care ſhall always be, in my Station, to behave ſo, as not to forfeit a Continuance of the Honour you have done towards,

GENTLEMEN *and* LADIES,

Your Moſt Obedient, and

Moſt Humble Servant,

Joſeph Peterſon.

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PROLOGUE *design'd to have been spoken by Mr. and Mrs.* PETERSON.

Mrs. PETERSON.

WHat, Husband! you turn Poet! Pray, what inspir'd
Your giddy Brain? Or how have you acquir'd
A proper Genius, to employ the Stage?
I fear your Prose, nor Verse, won't suit this Age:
Nor please an Audience, where such Judges crowd;
Where Learning, Wit, and Sense, so much abound.

Mr. PETERSON.

Don't fear, my Dear! Altho' I needs must own
Your Notion's just; yet I revere the Town.
Their Merit shines, and soars above my Pen;
Subjects for *Dryden*, *Pope*, or such bright Men.
But, still, they're good and kind --- so will excuse
Those Foibles, that attend my Infant Muse.

Mrs. PETERSON.

But, yet, I fear your Farce will never stand
A Critick's Judgment --- No, 'twill sure be damn'd!
Forbear the Thought; and, pray no further venture.
Let your Ambition in your Playing *centre.*

Mr. PETERSON. [GOES OFF.

No, I have promis'd, and I can't retreat;
But must (chuse how it prove) this *Act* compleat.
So, whilst I study to divert the Fair,
With gay Sir *Fopling*, and Sir *Thomas Care*;
With *Manly*'s Conduct, and *Belinda*'s Charms,
And throw an Orphan into *Bel'mour*'s Arms!
So disappoint a Booby Country 'Squire,
And bless poor *Betty* with her Heart's Desire:
Whilst *Raree Show! Who vill my Raree Show see?*
I trap Sir THOMAS, Spight of his Policy.
LADIES, I hope at least to force a Smile!
Perhaps --- you'll laugh --- at Blunders in my Rhime.
If you're diverted, I have all I wish;
So you are sav'd the Trouble of an Hiss!
Afford one Clap --- and pardon what's amiss.

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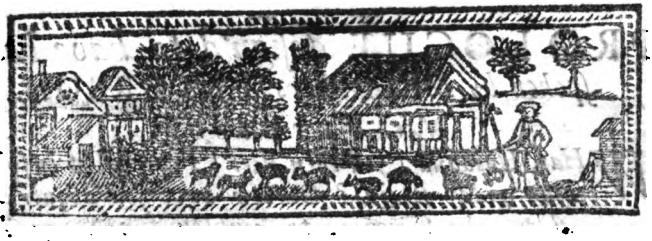

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.	PARTS DESIGN'D for
Sir Thomas Graspall, *Father to* Timothy, *and Guardian to* Belinda *and* Corinna.	*Mr.* NORRIS.
'Squire Timothy, *Admirer of Dogs and Horses, design'd for* Corinna, *but marries* Betty.	*Mr.* BAKER.
Manly, *A Gentleman of Birth and Fortune, in Love and belov'd by* Belinda, *Friend to* Belamour.	*Mr.* YARROW.
Belamour, *A younger Brother, of small Fortune; who, by* Manly's *Assistance, traps Sir* Thomas.	*Mr.* CRAIG.
Sir Fopling Conceit, *A Coxcomb, that thinks every Woman admires him that sees him; courts* Belinda, *but is rejected by her.*	*Mr.* PETERSON.
Smart, *A Servant to* Manly: *A sharp cunning Fellow, that carries the Raree Show.*	*Mr.* PEARSON.
Jack, *Servant to Sir* Thomas,	*Mr.* SMITH,
Huntsmen, Servants, &c.	

WOMEN.

Belinda, *A Lady of Fortune, Niece to Sir* Thomas, *but at her own Disposal, and Friend to* Corinna.	*Miss* HUGHES.
Corinna, *A Young Lady of Fortune: But is at the Disposal of Sir* Thomas, *design'd for the 'Squire, yet marries* Belamour.	*Mrs.* BURK.
Betty, *Maid to* Corinna, *courted by the 'Squire, and marries him.*	*Miss* ARDINGTON.

SCENE, *A Country Town.*

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The Raree Show.

ACT the FIRST.

SCENE. *A Chamber.*

BELAMOUR *discover'd sitting.*

AIR I. Grant me, ye Rowers.

Erect me, Gods! to set her free,
And loose her from her Misery.
Thou, God of Love! aid my Design;
And grant CORINNA *may be mine!*
But if th' Powers that Gift deny,
Oh! let me only sigh, and die.

Enter MANLY.

Man. Good Morrow, *Belamour.* What, not dress yet! Methinks your Love for *Corinna* should be sharper — than to fool away a Morning in your Chamber? But I find Absence is no Whet to your Appetite.

Bel.

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Bel. You're mistaken, *Manly!* for I was just a studying how to come at her. You know I am deny'd Access by her Guardian: And tho' I have Reason to believe my Addresses are agreeable to her; yet, while the old Fox keeps such a watchful Eye over her, 'twill be impossible for the young Politician ever to come at her: Tho' I, still, live in Hopes, one Day or other, to surmount all Difficulties.

Man. Is there no other Bar then, but her Guardian? Does not the 'Squire give you a little Uneasiness? Ha! ha, ha.

Bel. Prethee, why dost laugh? You can't think I have any Reason to fear from him, the least Danger. Nothing but Force can make *Corinna* submit to so unpolish'd an Animal.

Man. Don't be too positive! Too much Security begets Negligence. I have known many a fine Lady consent to a Match, full as ridiculous; only for the sake of a Title.

Bel. Ha! ha, ha. The Proverb will, then, suit you, as well as your Friend! For, I suppose, you are very certain of *Belinda*'s Constancy; or you would not suffer a conceited Coxcomb to fool his Time away with her as he does. For he has a Title too. Ha! ha, ha.

Man. What! Sir *Fopling Conceit* — who is just come down to pay a Visit, or so — I know he has Vanity enough to promise himself Success with half the Ladies in Town; and yet has not Wit enough to subdue an Orange Wench, who is any Man's Meat for a Tester. Pshaw! there's no Danger in such a Coxcomb.

Bel. No Danger! that's a Mistake — for he's the Darling of the Ladies: They admire him for

his

his Songs; and fear him for his Lampoons. All Men are his intimate Friends, tho' he had never ſeen 'em before. He ſometimes favours me with a Viſit for no other Reaſon — I believe —but to view his pretty Perſon in my Looking-Glaſs.

Man. Why, ſure, no Woman can be taken with ſuch a Wretch, who thinks well of no Body, but himſelf! And, with all that Vanity, he's as ugly, and lean, as a Skeleton! He has chang'd his Taylor ſix times, becauſe his Shoulder-Bone ſtuck out.

Enter Servant.

Sir *Fopling Conceit* is come to wait on you, Sir.

Bel. Deſire him to walk up. [*Exit Servant.*] We have given each other the Portraiture — And now we ſhall view the Original.

Enter Sir FOPLING. — [*Runs to the Glaſs, and adjuſts himſelf; then turns round.*

Sir Fop. *Belamour!* How do'ſt do, my Boy? Mr. *Manly*, Your's — Lard! you fat Fellows have ſuch terrible Glaſſes, they make one look ſo thin! that, ſtrike me all of a Heap — if I know myſelf.

Bel. Come, don't find Fault with my Glaſs; for your pretty Perſon — is the ſame — out of it — as in it — I can aſſure you. Ha! ha, ha.

Sir *Fop.* Sure, I can't be ſo lean as your Glaſs repreſents — for in my own Glaſs I thought I look'd too plump to-day.

Man. Why, Sir *Fopling!* — I ſuppoſe — you, like the reſt of your Brother *Beaux* —— have got a flattering Glaſs. Ha! ha, ha.

Sir *Fop.* Prethee — my Dears — be not ſo cenſorious — for really I begin to belly too much: I muſt make a Tour into *France*; it will do my Complexion good, as well as my Shape.

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Man. Complexion! and Shape! Ha, ha, ha! Why, thou art, already, ſo ſallow, and thin! Thou art fit for nothing — but to be hung up in Barber's Surgeon's Hall — for a Skeleton. —— A Woman might as well lie with a Faggot.

Sir *Fop.* Oh! you're envious! The Ladies are of another Opinion — for, I was told this Morning by a beautiful young Creature — that I ſhould look well, if I were dead. — I had the good Fortune, ſome Months ago, to ſnap — that Lady by the Heart. —— Strike me dumb! if it ben't true. —— She prais'd me, to that degree, one Morning! that, upon my Soul — ſhe made me bluſh — which you know is very ſurprizing —— I begg'd of her, in the moſt moving manner, to deſiſt — upon which — ſhe pull'd out her Handkerchief; and catches hold of the — Tip of my Glove, and cries out — with a deep tragical Strain — *Who can behold ſuch Beauty, and be ſilent!* — Upon which, I ſat me down, and wrote a Song upon my own Charms. I'll ſing it, if you pleaſe. — But you'll think me vain! you'll think me vain.

Bel. No, no, upon my Word, we ſhall have the ſame Opinion of you, as we ever had.

Sir *Fop.* Very generous, ſtap my Vitals!

AIR II.

Genteel in Perſonage,
Tip-top of all the Age;
Noble, by Heritage;
Gallant, and Gay:
Ladies conſpiring!
Beauties admiring!
Panting, deſiring:
That muſt be me. Ladies, &c.

Man

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Man. This Fool is much improv'd, ſince I ſaw him.

Bel. Fools always improve in Folly, as witty Men in Underſtanding.

Man. Indeed, he has great acquir'd Parts. Pray, Sir *Fop* —with Permiſſion--what do you allow your Hoſier--for quilting the Calves of your Stockings?

Sir *Fop.* Nay, now you're quite barbarous! — *Belamour*, adieu! — Mr. *Manly*, I am your's. — I muſt go home to anſwer Half a Dozen *Billet-Doux* — from Ladies of Quality. — Strike me to the Center! -- if I have not a Buſhel of them by me.-- Gads-me --I'd like to have forgot — I have gain'd another Conqueſt! —ſince I came amongſt you — and ſuch a Conqueſt! She's the moſt beautiful Creature I ever ſaw — She's a Woman of Diſtinction, I aſſure you. Half the Men in Town —— are dying for her. I ſnatch'd a Roſe from her fair Boſom: She threw herſelf into my Arms! and I'm the happy Man. Ha! ha! ha.

Man. You're very happy, Sir *Fopling!* But mayn't we have the Honour to know the Lady's Name — that thus tranſports you?

Sir *Fop.* Her Name! She's a moſt angelick Creature! ſtrike me all o' one Side —— and her Name is *Belinda.*

MAN. *angerly.*] Sir, do you know, that I love that Lady?

Sir *Fop.* Do you! then thou art the moſt miſerable Creature on the Face of the Earth: — for ſhe is otherways engag'd to my Knowledge —— She is, ſtap my Vitals!

SINGS —— *Ladies conſpiring*, &c. —— [*Exit.*

Man. A moſt admirable Coxcomb, truly.

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Thus th' officious Tribe of Fools go on,
And on the worſt of Errors blindly run:
Expoſe their Follies, ſtand for Ridicule;
Betray their Ignorance, and confeſs the Fool.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Hall.*

Enter Sir THOMAS, *alone.*

Sir *Tho* Sure, never Man was ſo happy in a Son as I am. I know he loves *Corinna*; and tho' ſhe never favours his Addreſſes, he looks upon her as his Property; and ſhe ſhall either be *Tim*'s Wife, or go without a Huſband — for Men now-a-days — value the Money — more, than the Woman. Her Father, good Man! took Care to leave her Fortune in my Hands — for which I've thank'd him a thouſand times — for by that Means I've made her believe ſhe is entirely at my Diſpoſal — Tho' her Father deſign'd no ſuch thing any longer — than while ſhe came to the Age of Eighteen. — But I can ſee no great Harm, in turning her Fortune to my Advantage — when at the ſame time I would make her my Daughter — marry her to my only Child — it's true — he is none of your wiſhy waſhy *Toupee* Sparks — yet I ſhall leave him a large Eſtate, and a Title. And I dare ſwear will turn out as good a Huſband, as any Knight in the Shire.

[JACK *croſſes the Stage.*]

Come hither, *Jack.* Where's Son *Tim*?

Jack. He's gone a hunting, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* Hark'ee, *Jack*, do you never hear *Tim* ſpeak of Miſs *Corry*?

Jack. Speak of her! Why, he's always a praiſing of her, Sir: And he has made the braveſt

Song

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Song about her, that ever you heard.—But Sir—I wonder you never thought of her yourself—you're not so old—and she is as pretty a Morsel, as a Man would wish to lay his Leg o'er.

Sir *Tho.* Why, look ye, *John*, I can't say, but I once had such a Design; and don't doubt, but with a large Joynture, and—other pretty Perquisites—I might have won her. But had I died, and left a flaunting young Widow; what a sorry Figure must *Tim* have made in his Knighthood, during her Life—And she, perhaps, might survive him—the very Thought of That, put all Love out of my Head. But, *Jack*, has Son *Tim* any Company with him?

Jack. I believe he has: He sent last Night to Sir *Jouler Ken*[illegible] and 'Squire *Chevy-Chase*, to meet him, upon the Hills, at Five this Morning.

[*A Horn blows.*]

Sir *Tho.* Hark! they are near at Hand, sure.

Jack. Oh! here comes my young Master, Sir.

Enter 'Squire, Huntsmen, and Dogs.

Squ. Hey, Boys! forward *Rockwood, Sweet-Lips, Beauty, Cæsar! Ranter,* Hey! Oh, you pretty Dears! The *Indies* should not purchase you.

AIR III.

Tantwivee, twivee, twivee,
High and Low:
Hark! hark, hark, how the merry,
Merry, merry Horn does blow:
Whilst over the Bogs, we'll follow th' Dogs;
For Pus *is gone over th'-Plain.*

There's Rockwood, *and* Ranter,
And Jouler, *and* Spring;
Here's Sweet-Lips, *and* Beauty,
Make all the Woods ring!

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Whilſt over the Bogs, we'll follow the Dogs;
For Puſs *is gone o'er th' Plain.*

Here, *Tom!* take Care o' th' Hounds — and ſee their Bellies well fill'd — and their Kennels clean'd — Good Morrow, Father! Good Morrow.

Sir *Tho.* Thank'ee, Boy. But, *Tim* — I think you follow this Game too eagerly, whilſt you neglect a better Scent.

Squ. Why, Father, I thought you lov'd Hunting?

Sir *Tho.* Ay, ſo I do, *Tim.* But your beſt Game —— at preſent —— is to purſue *Corinna* ——— more cloſely.

Squ. You know, Father, I'm in the Houſe with her —— ſo I can hunt by D[illegible] —— and make Love by Night; and that's the only Time to — gain a Miſtreſs.

Sir *Tho.* Ah! he's a cunning young Rogue —— his Father every Inch of him: But, *Tim*, I'm told you have made a Song on Miſs *Corry*? Pray let's hear it.

Squ. With all my Heart, Sir. Hem, hem!

AIR IV. I am in Truth.

I love a Laſs, that does ſurpaſs,
All Girls in our Town-a;
She is ſo fair,
None can compare;
She bears the Bell around-a.
She is ſo ſweet,
And ſo compleat,
The Roſe cannot excell her;
Her Beauty bright,
'S my Heart's Delight,
And that I often tell her.

Her

Her curling Locks, more white than Snow;
Her Eyes more black than Jetta;
Her blushing Cheeks,
And Coral Lips,
Her Teeth are Ivory setta.
Her Breath's Perfume,
Her Voice all Tune:
She sings like Pardinello:
Her taper Waste,
So strikes my Taste,
Miss Corry, *Oh! I'm thy Fellow.*

Sir *Tho.* Well done, *Tim!* Ah, he's a Chip of the old Block.

Squ. Odsflesh! Father, there's some of our Neighbours met on the *Bowling-Green*, and have got the Fidlers; so we are to have a Country Dance: And I promis'd to carry Miss *Corry* — Egod, I'll find her out, and she shall be my Partner. [SINGS] ——— *Her taper Waste*, &c. [*Exit.*

Sir *Tho.* Ah, let *Tim* alone. ——— ———
Success attend thee, Boy! — Ah, *Tim*'s an Art,
At first Attack't — to gain a Lady's Heart.
[*Exit.*

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Enter CORINNA *and* BELINDA.

Cor. My dear *Belinda!* I envy your Happiness: For you are at Liberty to chuse for yourself. But when I reflect on my own Confinement — I cou'd almost curse the Hour I was born, to think I am left at the Disposal of an old Villain, that regards nothing but Interest; and, to secure that, would sacrifice me to his boobily Son ——— But I will

sooner

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ſooner chuſe to make my *Exit* in my Garters, than marry a Wretch, with whom I can never enjoy a Moment's Happineſs. Nor can I think my Father meant this Tyranny.

AIR V. Wou'd Fate to me *Belinda* give.

Hear me, ye Powers! and ſet me free
From Avarice, and Tyranny:
Propitious to my Wiſhes prove!
And bleſs me with, the Man I love.

But if the Fates will have it ſo,
That I muſt the dear Man forego;
Protect me from the Booby 'Squire!
I'll be content, —— no more deſire.

Beli. My dear *Corinna*, I'm very ſorry for your Misfortunes; and wiſh it were in my Pow'r to make 'em eaſie. But come —— My Uncle may die, and then you may chuſe for yourſelf! his Son has no Pretence to Guardianſhip! Therefore, dear Girl, throw aſide this melancholly Humour, and be good Company.

AIR VI. Vain *Belinda*.

Poor Corinna, *don't deſpair,*
Fortune waits to guide th' Fair.
The Fates will keep you from all Harms,
And lodge you in your Lovers Arms.

Cor. If it were not for your Friendſhip, and agreeable Converſation — I ſhould be miſerable indeed! But, my Dear, I'll take your Advice in a Scheme I have in my Head. I was thinking of writing to *Belamour* — I know his Love for me would ſpur his Invention to contrive (if poſſible) to free me from my Guardian — and take me to his Protection. —— But if he ſhou'd fail, I'm undone

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done for-ever. Now what I would desire of thee, my Dear, is, to get Mr. *Manly* to carry th' Letter to *Belamour*. I know his Love for you would engage him in my Interest: And his having free Access -- at all times -- our Designs may be carry'd on, without the least Suspicion.

Beli. With all my Heart. And here comes Mr. *Manley* -- very opportunely -- I'll acquaint him with the Affair, and beg his Assistance.

Cor. Do, *Belinda*, and I'll retire to my Chamber, and write; and be with you again immediately.

[*Exit.*

——— *Enter* MANLY. ———

Madam, your most obedient. What, alone! where's *Corinna*? I thought you were inseperable.

Beli. Alas! poor *Corinna!* She is in a terrible Situation: She's just retir'd -- to write to *Belamour* -- and I have engag'd you, Sir, to deliver the Letter; and likewise assist him in any Design he undertakes to trap my Uncle. ——— *Corinna* will never marry *Belamour*, without she can procure him her Fortune: Tho' he generously offer'd to stand to my Uncle's Courtesy --- who, I dare swear, will never be brought to part with a Shilling ——— without Stratagem ——— Tho' I have some Reason to think -- he makes her believe, she's wholly in his Power, for his own Interest, only. ——— For I can never imagine any Father would be so barbarous, as to leave an only Child to such hard Conditions.

Man. Really, *Belinda*, I'm of your Opinion; and shall scruple nothing to serve my Friends: You may command me. And it will add to my Pleasure in being an Assistant to compleat their Happiness. ———

[*Enter* Corinna, *with a Letter.*]

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Mr. *Manly*, I'm your moſt obedient. Sir, Shall I beg of you to give Mr. *Belamour* this Letter? I ſuppoſe *Belinda* has made you acquainted with our Deſign.

Man. Yes, Madam; and I ſhall be proud to ſerve you. Ladies, your moſt obedient. [*Looking at* Beli.]

Oh! Lovely Maid ——— !

Beauties, that captivate my Soul, I daily view!
Thy Merit ſhines — Thy Charms are ever new.

[*Exit.*

Cor. My Heart is upon the flutter, leaſt my Hopes prove abortive.

AIR VII. Gently touch the warb'ling Lyre.

Now to prove your Conſtancy,
Exert your Power, and reſcue me.
CUPID, *this once aſſiſt me, Boy!*
And crown my deep Deſpair with Joy.
From Bondage, and from Slavery,
Thou God of Love! deliver me.

Beli. Now, my Dear, let me adviſe you, in your Behaviour to the 'Squire: Diſguiſe your Averſion to him, ſo you'll prevent my Uncle's Jealouſy; and have more Opportunity to purſue your Deſigns. But huſh, he's here. ———

Enter 'Squire.

Servant, Couſin *Bell* ——— Wife that man be, I am thine.

Cor. Your Servant! ſweet 'Squire *Timothy!*

Squ. Sweet 'Squire *Timothy* — Good! Matters go well ——— Oh! Law! there's a Power of our Neighbours met upon the *Bowling-Green*, and have got the Fidlers, and intend for a Dance; and I have promis'd to carry you for my Partner, Bonny.

Cor. Good 'Squire, have you no other Way of paſſing your Time, but Dancing? *Squ.*

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Squ. Why, what a Murrian should we do?

Cor. Why, read. 'Tis a manly Diversion.

Squ. Read! why, so I have read — *The Compleat Farrier*, and several other Books about — Horses; and a Book that's writ about *Quadrille*, *Ombre*, and *Piquet*; and for other Books — there's nought in 'em, nought at all in 'em, by Goles!

Beli. Now, methinks, Discourse is a pretty Way of passing one's Time.

Squ. Ecod! and so it is: — And I talk as much as any Man in *England*: My Tongue seldom lies still: And, tho' I say it, I'm able to run down all I meet — about Dogs — and Horses.

Cor. Indeed! You are an accomplish'd Fool, that's the Truth on't. [*Aside.*]

Squ. My Dogs are the best in *England*. I have one Dog they call *Ranter* — I christen'd him — He was gotten upon Sir *Jowler Kennel*'s Bitch, *Lady*: I was not sorryer when my Sister dy'd — then when poor *Lady* dy'd — But let that pass — *Ranter* was got by your Father's Dog, *Rockwood* ——— [*To* Belinda.]

Beli. You knew *Rockwood*, then?

Squ. Knew him! Ay, as well as I knew your Father: And of a Dog, and a Man — poor Souls — I shall never see two better in th' Field —— than *Rockwood*, and your Father.

Cor. How the Fool has coupled 'em! [*Aside.*]

Squ. Odsflesh! will you go and dance, I say?

Cor. Indeed, 'Squire! I never took any Pleasure that Way.

Squ. Prethee, no Excuses — I'll not be deny'd: Odsflesh, I shall have an undutiful Wife, if you refuse what I desire ye.

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AIR III. Bright God of Day.

My Corry, *my Joy,*
Pray be not ſo coy,
Nor break my poor Heart, that's ſo true :
I love you more dear,
Than my Father, I ſwear !
Nay, Sweet-Lips, *or* Beauty, *I vow !*
Nay, Sweet-Lips, *or* Beauty, *I vow.*

Come, let's to the Green :
There is to be ſeen
Such Sights, as juſt ſet me a madding !
There's Dancing, and Sporting ;
Nay, Kiſſing, and Courting,
And every Thing elſe to your Liking !
And every Thing elſe to your Liking.

Each Lad, with his Laſs,
Does trip o'er the Graſs ;
Whilſt Fiddles, and Hautboys, do play.
As they fall in the Ring,
They call, and they ſing,
'Squire Tim, *bring Miſs* Corry *away !*
'Squire Tim, *bring Miſs* Corry *away.*

Cor. Indeed, 'Squire, I have a very great Eſteem for your Perſon : But I'm afraid you'll regard your Dogs and Horſes ſo much, that the poor Wife will be forgotten.

Squ. I warrant you ! I'll love you, while loving is good ; and I'll make you a ſwinging Joynture : Then I am acquainted with your Jockeys, and Hunting-Lords ! They, perhaps, may bring me to ſee the King ! I then may riſe as well as the beſt of 'em. — But will you go, I ſay ?

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Cor. I have ſome few Orders to give my Maid, and we'll follow you in an Inſtant.

Squ. E'cod! She's a dainty Tit! I ſhall be as happy as the Day is long. —— [SINGS.]

I love you more dear, &c. — [*Exit.*

Beli. Come, *Corinna*, be chearful, and let us follow him.

Cor. How, *Belinda!* can I be chearful, when the very *Criſis* of my Fate's ſo nigh.

Beli. Never fear, my Girl:

Succeſs muſt, ſure, attend all thoſe Deſigns,
Where trueſt Love with ſolid Judgment joins.

Cor. And yet, methinks, my Heart to Fear inclines.

[*Exeunt, Arm in Arm.*

ACT *Ends.*

ACT

ACT the SECOND.

SCENE, *A Tavern.*

MANLY *and* BELLAMOUR. [*Sitting at a Table.*]

Bel.
HERE, Boy! bring us a Bottle of Wine. —— Poor *Corinna!* Well, ſhe deſerves to be reſcu'd: And your Scheme is the only Way to accompliſh it. But who ſhall we get to perſonate this *Raree-Show-Man?*

Man. I've juſt thought on't: I have an arch Servant, who will manage it dexterouſly — And, to our Wiſh, he ſpeaks broken *French* tolerably well, and will help to favour the Deſign.—He's waiting without —— We'll ſend for him in, —— Here, Drawer! ——

Enter Drawer.

Here, here, Sir.

Man. Send my Servant hither.

Dra. Yes, Sir. —— [*Exit.*

Enter SMART.

Man.

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Man. Well, *Smart*, I know you can keep a Secret; and I have an Affair to try you in, which will require your utmost Caution, and Privacy.

Smart. Ah, dear Sir! I hope you don't doubt my Ability to serve you, let th'Affair be never so difficult: I warrant, I'll manage it to Perfection; or, may I never be honour'd with the Title of 'Squire *Manly*'s Gentleman more.

Man. Here! drink that Glass of Wine; and go home: I'll be there in Half an Hour — so wait for my Coming, and then I will give you Instructions how to behave.

Smart. [Aside.] What a Pox can my Master mean by all this Secrecy — Sure, I'm not to turn Pimp: —— No, no, I never knew him put up that Game — I can't think that's his Scheme — tho' it looks plaguey like it —— perhaps my Master has got into bad Company, which puts those bad Thoughts into his Head — if it be so — I suppose I must be honour'd with the Office and Title of *Pimp* —— Well, let it be what it will, I must obey: And I'm sure I can't forfeit my Honour for a better Master.

AIR IX. Dear Catholick Brother.

My Master's turn'd Wencher, so why may not I
Enjoy a young Girl, with a black rowling Eye?
Whilst I pimp for the 'Squire, I'll share of his Game;
Then abandon my Mistress, without Fear or Shame.
Sure 'tis some bright Goddess, that's lately turn'd Whore,
That thus rais'd his Passion to play at All-Fours.
With a Fal, lal, la. [*Exit.*

Bel. My dear *Manly!* how am I oblig'd to your Invention! What can I do, to recompence such Friendship?

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Man.

Man. My Recompence will be, to see you happy with *Corinna*. But haste, let's lose no Time.

Bel. Oh generous Friendship! thus a Scheme to lay,
Which, once accomplish'd —— crowns the happy Day.

AIR II. With tuneful Pipe.

With all the Wings of swift Desire,
To CORINNA's *Arms I'll fly!*
I'll set her free from every Fear,
Or in th' Attempt will dye.
If Project fail,
That shan't avail;
My Sword shall end the Strife:
I'll break her Chain,
And ease her Pain;
Tho' the Forfeiture!
The Forfeiture,
The Forfeiture's my Life!

[EXEUNT.

SCENE, *A Hall.*

Enter Sir THOMAS, 'SQUIRE, CORINNA, *and* BELINDA.

Sir *Tho.* Well, my Chickens! how have you been diverted yonder? I would have been with you — but Mr. *Litigious*, my Lawyer — was setling your Joynture, *Corry* — No less than Eight Hundred Pounds *per Annum*. A fine Thing, E'cod! and such a Husband as *Tim* — Look at him — Do but look at him, *Corry*.

Cor. Sir, I do; and find new Charms in him every Day.

Sir

Sir *Tho.* Well ſaid, that's my good Girl — But — but — when ſhall the Wedding be? — Come — name the Day.

Cor. I wou'd — but we are interrupted — — [*Enter Sir* FOPLING. — *Bows.*] — Ladies, I kiſs both your Hands — *Belinda*, Child! I'm juſt going to buy me a new Coach — And, hoping to have you, one Day or other, the Miſtreſs of it; I was willing to have your Fancy in the Lining. Now, I think Roſe-Colour would ſuit well with my Complexion.

Beli. Oh! yes. Roſe-Colour wou'd be vaſtly pretty. Oh! the Coxcomb! [*Aſide.*]

Sir *Fop.* Oh, my dear Creature! I have a Secret to tell you — I wou'd not have you think of *Manly* — for he has two Ladies with Child by him; and one claims Marriage.

Beli. You had beſt marry her for him, Sir *Fopling*: He'll give you a good Portion with her, no doubt. Ha! ha.

Sir *Fop.* Now frown me to the Center, if I thought ſo harſh a Repartee cou'd come out of that pretty Mouth: But I know you think every thing agreeable, I ſay, for all that.

Beli. Conceited Coxcomb! Were I a Man, I'd cudgel you out of this Conceit of yourſelf: But as I am, I can only deſpiſe, and laugh at you. Ha! ha, ha.

Sir *Fop.* You are very pleaſant, ſtrike me taſteleſs! Ha, ha, ha, — And I'm glad to find you are ſo; for it's a certain Sign, you are in Love with me.

Beli. Monſter of Vanity, begone; or I ſhall be out of all Patience.

Enter MANLY.

Ladies, your moſt obedient. What, Sir *Fopling*!

So, lo, Ladies, I see you have got the Flower of Knighthood amongst you! The only Darling of the Fair Sex. Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Fop.* Hark'ee, Mr. *Manly*? I would advise you not to think of *Belinda*: — for she loves only me: — Now do'st thou really expect ever to win a Lady, where I have once made my Addresses?

Man. Coxcomb! not worth my Notice. Do you hear him, *Belinda*?

Beli. Yes; and am not at all surpriz'd: For with what Face can you make your Addresses, Mr. *Manley*, when you have two Ladies with Child by you; and Sir *Fopling*, here, is ready to swear it.

Man. How! Vanity! is this true? If you don't follow me, and give me a Gentleman's Satisfaction, I shall take you for a Scoundrel, and use you as you deserve. — Therefore follow me, I say. [*Exit.*

Sir *Fop.* With all my Heart; and you shall see I can fight, as well as make Love. — Ladies, I'll but pink his Soul, and return instantaneously. [*Exit.*

Beli. Pray Heaven, *Manly* receive no Harm!

Cor. My Dear, you seem disorder'd!

Sir *Tho.* Come, Ladies, don't be frightned; for Sir *Fopling* had rather admire his sweet Person in a Looking-Glass — than draw his Sword, I believe. — However, let's follow him for fear of the worst: For Cowards sometimes are valiant.

[*Ex.* OMNES.

SCENE *A Field.*

Enter MANLY *and Sir* FOPLING.

Man. Come, Sir, I hope you like this Place, you're very nice in chusing one.

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Sir *Fop.* Yes, Sir, for here I ran one Man thro' and gave another his Life.

Man. Come, make ready then.

Sir *Fop.* I'm damnably afraid, ſtap my Vitals! But if I ſhould not fight — the Ladies will deſpiſe me; that's certain.

Man. Come, draw!

Sir *Fop.* You're in great Haſte, methinks! [*Drawing.* Beauty! what art thou? but a fading Flower!

Man. Beauty! what the Devil haſt thou to do with Beauty? For thou art a vain, ugly Coxcomb, and the Ladies care not a Fig for thee.

Sir *Fop.* Come, on then! Now for the Ladies—

[*They fight*, Manly *diſarms him.*]

Don't kill me, for the Ladies will hate you, if you do.

Man. Prethee live; and be as vain a Fool as ever.

Sir *Fop.* Thou art an ill-bred Fellow, to throw one down, and ſpoil one's Cloaths ſo. Could you not have fought eaſily and handſomely, like a Gentleman. I warrant you have done me Twenty Pounds Worth of Damage: If I thought of your being ſo bruriſh, I wou'd have ſent home for a Carpet to have fought upon.

Man. Thou art a ridiculous Puppy.

Sir *Tho.* [*Peeping.*] No, no: There's no Bloodſhed. Girls, you may venture in.

Enter Sir THOMAS, CORINNA, *and* BELINDA.

Beli. Well, Sir *Fopling!* Have you pink'd his Soul? Ha, ha, ha.

Man. Is this the Lady, that you pluck'd a Roſe from her fair Boſom? She fell into your Arms — And you were the happy Man! Poor Sir *Fopling!* Ha, ha,

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Sir *Fop.* I never was out of Countenance before — never before! Strike me blind! but hereafter the whole Sex shall pay for this: For I'll be inexorable to all Love-Intreaties — I will — Strike me all of a Heap! [*Exit.*

Sir *Tho.* That will be an irreparable Loss to the fair Sex, truly.

Man. I hope, my dear *Belinda!* what this Coxcomb has said, has made no Impression upon you.

Beli. No, Mr. *Manly:* I know you have too much Honour in you, to be guilty of such an Enormity.

Sir *Tho.* Well, well, a pies on him — let's a done with the Thoughts of such a pusillanimous Creature. — And let's go in; for I've provided a small Collation, which waits for your Acceptance.

Man. Sir, We'll attend you, [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Enter BETTY, *follow'd by the* Squire.

Squ. My dear bonny *Betty!* Have you consider'd of the Proposals I made you? And will you let me hear from that sweet Tongue, You'll make me happy with your Person? Then, in Return of that Favour, I'll not only settle what I propos'd; but throw another Hundred Guineas into thy Apron, for the first Blessing I enjoy with thee. And I'll for ever love you, I swear *Betty!*

Betty. Dear Squire, forbear! To tempt me to do a thing, which you are certain would be the Ruin of me, argues but little Proof of your Love. Besides, I have often told you, that I value my

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Virtue above your Estate: And, if you still persist in this Folly, I'm resolv'd to acquaint your Father. If I mind my Hits, I may make something of this Booby; for I know my Mistress never intends to marry him. [*Aside.*

Squ. Nay, dear pretty *Betty*, don't break my Heart! For I love you as well — as well — as I do Fox-Hunting. Therefore, don't break my Heart, I say.

AIR XI. The Man that ventures.

Dear Betty, why so coy, I love you more than Life,
With a Fal, la, la, la:
And, were it not for Father, thou soon shou'd be my
With a Fal, la, la; (*Wife.*
Come, grant me my Request, I'll doat upon thy Charms,
Then let me pass one Hour, incirc'd in thy Arms:
With a Fal, la, la, la la.
When once I take Possession of thee my only Dear,
With a Fal, lal, la.
I'll bestow on thee a Fortune of Fifty Pounds a Year.
With a Fal, lal, la.
And whoso'er I wed, no one I'll love like thee:
So grant the Bliss, or by this Kiss, thou'lt be the
(*Death of me.*
With a Fal, lal, la, &c.

AIR XII. The State of old Virgins.

BETTY. *Pray, Squire, give o're, and ask me no more;*
Nor plague me — nor tease me — on such a vile Score:
Your Gold, nor your Presents, e'er me has no Power.
If too mean for your Wife, I'm too good for your Whore:
Good for your Whore,
Good for your Whore;
If too mean for your Wife, I'm too good for your Whore;

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My

My Honour and Virtue to me is more dear
Than Titles, or Grandeur, or Thousands a Year:
E'er you gain your Desire, once more I you tell,
I'll die an old Maid, and lead Apes in Hell;
Apes in Hell,
Apes in Hell:
I'll die an old Maid, and lead Apes in Hell. [Exit.

Squ. Go thy ways, for a cross-grain'd Quean: Ecod! I like her mainly, tho': I'll not leave her thus — I'll have to'ther Bout with her! Odso, here comes Father, and the rest of the Company.

Enter Sir THOMAS, MANLY, BELINDA, *and* CORINNA.

Sir *Tho.* Why, how now, *Tim*, what made you leave your Company so soon?

Squ. Sir, One of my favourite Dogs was taken ill; so I was oblig'd to go, and tell the Huntsman, what I wou'd have done with him.

[*A Raree-Show cry'd without.*]

Sir *Tho.* How, now! What's That without?

Enter Servant.

Sir, Here's a Man with a Raree-Show; Wou'd your Honour be pleas'd to see it?

Sir *Tho.* Ay, ay, send him in; It will divert us a little. [*Exit Servant.*

Re-enter Servant, with SMART *disguised, with a Box.*

Smart [SINGS.] A vera prette Farce — A brave gallante Show — A justa come from *France*. *Tout Nouveau.* [*Sets down the Box.*] Here you shall see vat you shall see — Give me Six-Pence, and you shall see for noting.

Cor. [*Aside to* Manly.] Which Way shall we get rid of the Squire?

Mon-

Man. I have a Trick for that too, if you'll have a little Patience.

Sir *Tho.* Come, come, let these Lasses see your Rarities. [Belinda *and* Corinna *look in.*]

Smart. [Sings.] Here you see — Signor *Farinello* — The famous Singer from *Italy!*

Here you see de Ladies of *England* kneel to him, and beg of him not to leave 'em; which is a vera prette Fance — a brave gallante Show, *&c.*

Here you see de *French* Comedians in de *Hay-Market* — who come over, and get noting — but go back vid dere Labour for dere Pains — O dat is a very pretty Fance, *&c.*

Here you see Monsieur *Peterſone*, who have no Sense, pretend to write a *de Opera*, which is a vera prette Fance, a brave, *&c.*

Here you see Madamoiselle *Violante*, who jumpa Ten Story high, and never break her Neck at all. — O dat is a very prette Fance — a brave gallante Show — a justa come from *France* — *Tout Noveau.*

Enter Servant. [*To the Squire.*]

Sir *Fouler Kennel* sends his humble Service to you, 'Squire, — and desires to see you immediately — and the Servant (by his Master's Order) has brought a Horse for you, lest your own should be too long a getting ready.

Squ. What the Duce — can he want now? — Your Servant, Ladies — and Gentlemen — I must go, tho' I lose the Sight of the Show: For I'm afraid his favourite Hound is a dying — for there's nothing else could have put him into such a Hurry-Burry, I'm sure. [*Exit 'Squire.*

Cor. Oh, *Belinda!* I'm in the utmost Confusion lest Sir *Thomas* find out the Deceit.

[*Aside to* Belinda.

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Bell. Never fear: Take Courage, my Girl — All goes well as your Heart can wish; Uncle, won't you see this Show? 'Tis very pretty, and curious.

Sir *Tho.* Well, well, to oblige you, my little Filsee Foals, I don't care if I do take a Peep. [*Looks in.*]

Smart. Here you see de grand Monarch of *France*, de King of *Spain*, de Emperor of *Germany*, de King of *England*, and all de Princes — It's a vera prette Fance, a brave gallante Show, *&c.*

Sir *Tho.* Why, you vagabond Rogue! I see nothing of what you gabber. [*Angerly.*]

Smart. Pray, Sire, giva me Leave to look, if any Ting be fall'n againſt the Glaſs.

Sir *Tho.* Ay, ay, prethee look.

Smart. [*Looking in.*] O *maſoi* dere is noting amiſs — Pray, Monſieur, look again?

Sir *Tho.* Why, you Son of a Whore — do you think I can't see? — Wou'd you make a Fool of me? — I'll have you puniſh'd for a Cheat.

Smart. Sire, pray have Patience! And, to ſatisfy your Curioſity, if you vill letta me be vid you in private — dat is out of Ear-Shot — me vil open my Box — and you ſall ſee — vat you ſall ſee — which is nothing at the Bottom. [*Aſide.*]

Sir *Tho.* Agreed! Pray, Mr. *Manly*, and you, Laſſes, go into the next Room — for a Quarter of an Hour — for this Fellow, I being a Magiſtrate, is going to ſhow me the Depth of his Art.

Man. We'll oblige you, Sir. — Come Ladies — Now or never, *Corinna*. [*Aſide to* Corinna.]

[*Ex.* Man. *and Ladies.*

Smart. Now, if your Honour vil get upon de Stool — you may look in, and ſee every Ting —

Sir

Sir *Tho.* Come, come, let me ſee what great Matters you have — for as yet I've ſeen nothing.

[*He gets upon a Stool, looks in at Top:* Smart *trips up his Heels, and ſhuts him into the Box; takes it on his Shoulder, and ſings,* A vere pretee Fance, &c.]

Here you ſee de Fox in de Trap. —— O my Raree Show! my gallantee Show!

Sir *Tho.* [*In the Box.*] Let me out you Rogue—you Villain —— I'll trounce you; —— I'll cut your Throat, if you don't let me out.

Enter BELAMOUR.

Set down the Box, *Smart.* —— I'm ſorry to give you all this Trouble, Sir *Thomas* — But it is upon my dear *Corinna*'s Score. Had you been that honeſt Gentleman her Father believ'd you, I ſhou'd not have been reduc'd to ſuch uncommon Methods to bring you to the Juſtice of performing his Laſt Will and Teſtament: Who, indeed, left her, and her Fortune, at your Diſpoſal, 'till the Age of Eighteen — but then at Liberty to chuſe for herſelf —— But, unjuſtly — you have ſtill detain'd her: And wou'd make her believe, ſhe's wholly at your Diſpoſal. Of this, I have ſufficient Proof: Therefore, if you don't immediately ſign this Inſtrument, which reſigns over all your Right and Property to me, whom ſhe has choſen for her Guardian, I'll carry you to the next River, and you ſhall go Souſe into the Water like the Ediſtone. —— If you doubt the Truth of what I've utter'd, here comes *Corinna* to anſwer for herſelf.

Enter MANLY, CORINNA, *and* BELINDA.

Sir *Tho.* Well, *Corry*, is this true? And have you us'd me thus for all my Care and Fondneſs? Ungrateful Girl! — But you'll hereafter repent

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this, when that young Rakehell — has ſpent all your Fortune — Then you'll wiſh yourſelf with the old Man again.

Cor. 'Tis even ſo, Sir *Thomas* -- you wou'd have ſacrific'd me to one I never cou'd have enjoy'd a Moment's Tranquility with; and ſo was reſolv'd to chuſe for my ſelf.

Sir *Tho.* Why, let me out — And I'll comply with what you deſire.

Man. But firſt ſign, Sir *Thomas*; and all will be well.

Sir *Tho.* Come, come, give me the Pen, ſince it muſt be ſo —— for I'm almoſt choak'd to Death.

[*Puts out his Hand, and ſigns; and then he is let out.*]

Sir *Tho.* What, Mr. *Manly* here! I did not think you would have been concern'd in ſuch an Affair.

Man. Oh, dear Sir *Thomas!* I'd do ten times as much at any Time to ſerve my Friend.

Cor. Well, Sir *Thomas!* But I hope you'll forgive us this little Frolick?

Sir *Tho.* Frolick, quotha! It's the worſt Frolick I ever was concern'd in. I forgive you! A Pox rot, and confound you altogether. [*Exit.*

Man. My dear Friend, I give you Joy of the Succeſs.

Bel. Thank ye, *Manly.* Now are my Joys compleat, ſince I am bleſt with my dear *Corinna.*

Cor. I am for ever oblig'd to my kind Deliverer.

Bel. Come, my *Corinna!*

Let *Hymen* join our Hands, our Hearts agree,
To ſpend our Time in Love and Conſtancy.

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AIR II. Sweet are the Charms.

BEL. *'Tis thus the tuneful feather'd Kind*
Salutes an early pleasant Spring:
In happy Pairs they kindly joyn;
With warbling Notes they sweetly sing:
So with the peaceful Turtle Dove,
Succeeding Days are crown'd with Love

COR. *My Lover's Breast shall sooth my Pain;*
His Honour charms my ravish'd Soul!
His Power I'll own; and, whilst he reigns,
His Will I'll never once controul:
We'll both agree in every thing,
That each Hour may new Pleasures bring.

Both. *We'll both agree in every Thing,*
That, &c.

Enter BETTY.

Madam, here's the 'Squire just coming in.

Cor. Let him come, *Betty*; we are provided to receive him.

Enter 'Squire.

A ha! what a Murrian is the Matter wi' ye all: You're mighty merry, and loving, methinks.

Bel. We are all going to be married, 'Squire.

'Squ. Ay, and pray who is so fooliſh as to marry you, I trow; who are a younger Brother, without ever a Foot of Land.

Cor. Even your humble Servant, sweet 'Squire *Timothy.*

Squ. Now, who wou'd take a Woman's Word for a Pin —— For you're all as false --- as Crocodiles --- But, for my Part, I care not a Fig; for I can have Women enough for all you, Mun.

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AIR XIII.

Take not a Woman's Anger ill :
Let this be your Comfort,
Let this be your Comfort ſtill,
That if one won't, another will.
She, that is fooliſh, will deny ;
But ſhe, that is wiſer, will comply.
'Tis but a Woman, what care I ?
What care I ? what care I ?
'Tis but a Woman, what care I ?

However, I'm ſo well pleas'd, I'll follow your Steps pretty ſmartly : For here's Miſtreſs *Betty* -- wont refuſe me, I warrant ye --- and I think ſhe's very pretty ; and in good Truth I had always a Mind to her --- more than you, Madam. [*To* Corinna.] And as for Father's Conſent, I care not this [*Snaps his Fingers*] d'ye ſee. For now I'm ſet on't, I will have a Wife, Ecod --- for he can't diſinherit me, I'm ſure. Well, *Betty* ! what ſay'ſt thou, Laſs ? Can you like me well enough for a Huſband ?

Betty. Well, 'Squire, ſince you come upon honourable Terms ; I muſt own I always wiſh'd I I cou'd find as much to charm you with, as my Lady.

'Squ. Say'ſt thou ſo ! Why then here's my Hand. ——— And now, *Belinda*, you muſt call Mrs. *Betty* Couſin. ——— And when Father dies, ſhe'll be a Lady, and will take Place of her Miſtreſs here. Ha, ha, ha.

Cor. Upon my Word, Squire, I ſhan't envy her Grandeur --for I wiſh you all the Happineſs your Hearts can deſire.

Man. So I find all are happy in their Choices : And now we'll ſpend the Night in Mirth and Jolity.

AIR

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AIR XIV. Sing *Tantarara.*

Bel. CORINNA, *ſo charming! a Beauty ſo bright!*
She's all o'er a Wonder, ſhe's all my Delight:
Her Face, with her Virtues, agree to outſhine
All the Females on Earth, Oh! I'm happy ſhe's mine.
Sing Tantararara Pleas'd all, Pleas'd all;
Sing Tantararara Pleas'd all, all, all.

COR. *Since I am thus happy, I'll baniſh all Fear:*
My Guardian! my Husband! my Lord! and my Dear!
May our Love, and our Joys, be as laſting as Life;
I bleſt in a Husband, and you in a Wife.
Sing Tantararara Bleſt all, *&c.*

BELL. *Let Sir* THOMAS *be wiſe, uſe Reaſon in Sorrow:*
May this Day's Experience inſtruct him to Morrow,
T' leave cheating, live honeſt; he need not to fear
The Trap, or the Halter, will fall to his Share.
Sing Tantararara Take Care, *&c.*

SQU. *And when my dear* BETTY *takes me to her Arms,*
With extatick Bliſs I'll riſle her Charms.
We'll hug, and we'll kiſs, we'll ſport, and we'll play;
We'll love all the Night, and we'll dance all the Day.
Sing Tantararara Dance all, *&c.*

MAN. *And now if you'll deign to give us an Applauſe,*
'Twill be a great Step in our young Author's *Cauſe.*
'Twill enliven his Wit, make his Senſes ſo gay,
Next Year, perhaps, he may write a Whole PLAY.
Sing Tantararara Clap all, Clap all;
Sing Tantararara Clap all, all, all.

[CURTAIN drops.]

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EPILOGUE *to be ſpoken by Mr. and Mrs.* PETERSON.

[Mrs. PETERSON.]

I'M come an humble Suppliant for my Spouſe :
Ladies ! I hope you'll not my Suit refuſe.
You've had a Farce : *But whether good, or no,*
From your ſublimer Taſte, I fain would know.
'Tis you muſt make my Husband ſtand, or fall :
Yet he, good Man ! wou'd gladly pleaſe you all.
So where the Poet *fails in Art, or Care ;*
I beg your wonted Mercy to the Play'r.

[Exit.

[Sir FOPLING *enters.*]

With jantee Mein, and debonaire !
Thus comes Sir Fopling *to ſalute the Fair !*
With grateful Senſe, and Thankfulneſs, I own
The Favour done me, by this generous Town.
Thus at your Feet my Poetry I caſt ;
My firſt Attempt ; perhaps 't may prove my laſt.
Pardon my Muſe ! unfit, I own, to write,
Either in Verſe, or Proſe : But ſince this Night
You're pleas'd to honour me with a kind Reception ;
My Farce, *I hope, will find a ſafe Protection.*

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EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mr. PETERSON,

At His *BENEFIT.*

IF Language could my grateful Thoughts expreſs ;
Thoſe Thoughts ſhould want not for Poetic Dreſs !
But Words, alas ! are far too poor to ſhow
The Thanks I to your kind Indulgence owe :
Who've Merit made of my Deſires to pleaſe ;
Wink'd at my Faults, and rais'd me by Degrees.
My humble Thanks, indeed, are all I have
To pay, as Tribute, to the Fair, the Brave.
The Stage, *the* Boxes, Pit ; *nay,* Galeries, *too,*
Claim my Acknowledgments, thier proper Due.
Encouragement's the very Life of Art ;
Stirs up the active Mind, and fires the Heart :
From ſmall Beginnings makes th' Induſtrious mend,
And ſtruggles 'till Perfection crowns the End.
In Pity, pardon what you find amiſs !
Another Year may mend the Faults of this :
Then if hereafter I deſerve Applauſe,
Be Your's the Praiſe, whoſe Goodneſs was the Cauſe.

FINIS.

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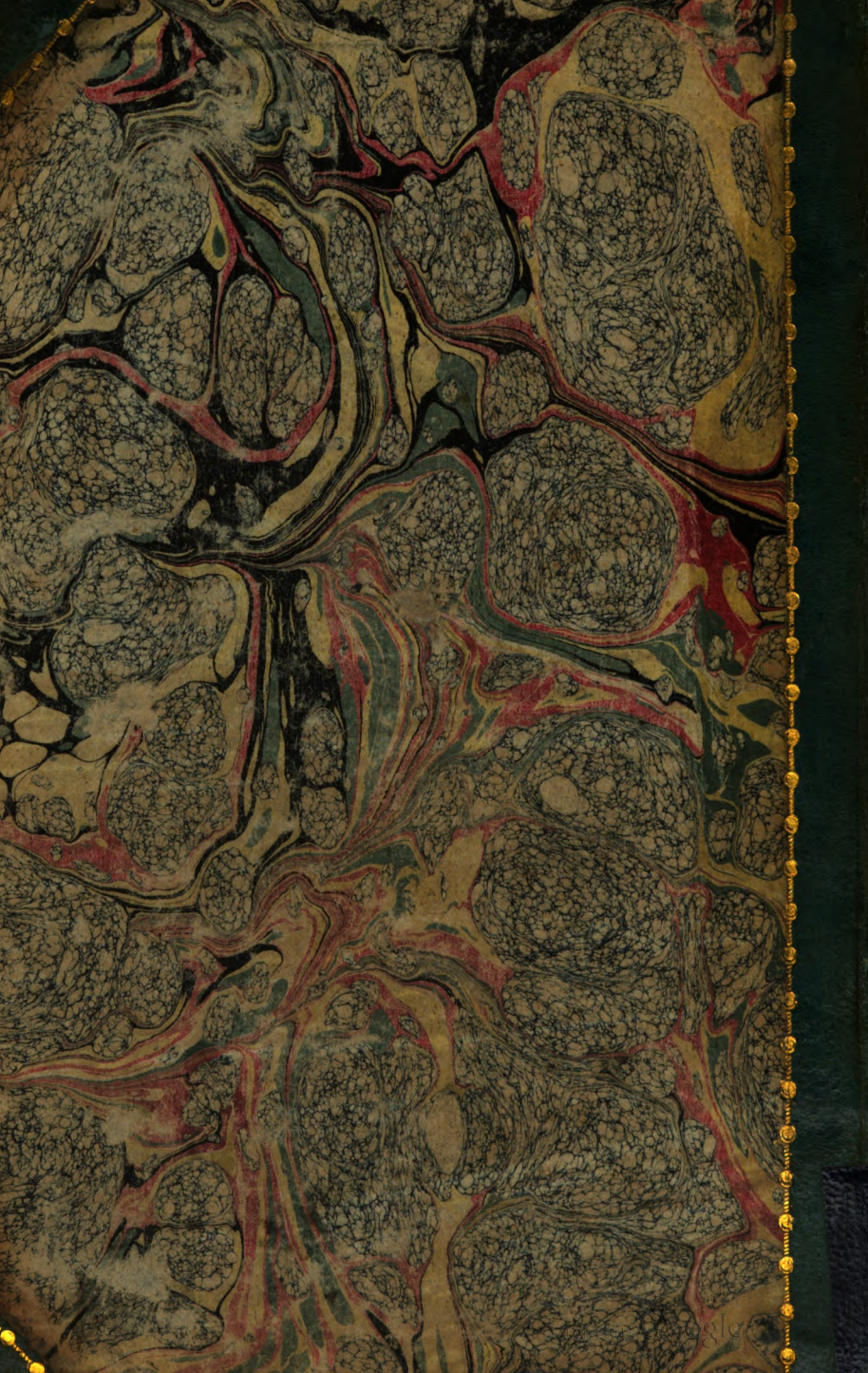
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